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THE

MIND AND THE HEART.

THE

MIND AND THE HEART.

BY

FRANKLIN W. FISH.

τίς εἶς; τί σοι μέλει δέ.

Anacreon.

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Dedication.

To

JOHN SWINBURNE, A.M.

I DEDICATE this volume to you, as a return for the many kindnesses you have bestowed upon me, as an evidence of that affection I have always professed to you, in private I own it is wholly thine, nor in public am I ashamed to testify it. You are too well aware at what period of my life these were composed, to need mention of it now; but that severe old step-mother, the Public, may judge them as the productions of a man, and pass her criticism from such an opinion. They were written about my eighteenth year, and no doubt abound in defects, arising from want of practical knowledge of the world. These however I trust will be overlooked, from the consideration that they are juvenile. Many faults of language and rhythm may leave unprotected spots for the shaft of the reviewer; it may be his desire and aim to convert and anatomize it into prose, to distort words into trash, and meaning into bombast. He may take advantage of that unpardonable weakness—being young. But the future will determine, and posterity will decide when the influence of the person has departed from amongst us. It is my desire, as it is my attempt, not

to create an American literature, but to assist it, and not to be content, as we have been, only to reflect the literary splendor of England. Our country abounds in beauties for the poet and the novelist, but no other land under heaven is less the subject of fiction or romance. It may seem egotistical in me to imagine I can at all influence the public taste, but as the widow's mite was not of old refused, I hope my trifling contribution may not now be rejected.

With my best wishes

I remain ever your obliged,

FRANKLIN W. FISH.

THE MIND AND THE HEART.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

A FUNERAL CHANT.

Blessed are the dead! for ever
They are gone and are at rest;
All their toils and labors ended;
They are quiet and are blessed.
Then mourn for him that liveth,
Him that plods in travail sore;
Blessed are the dead that sleepeth,
Blessed are they evermore.

Weep for him that in life's journey,
Is much tempted and beset;
Weep for him by friends forgotten,
Weep for him whom all forget.
Weep for him, whom care and sorrow
Tosses hopeless on the shore;
Blessed are the dead that sleepeth,
Blessed are they evermore.

Weep for the poor and needy,
The down-trodden and oppressed,
The long-tried and heavy-laden,
The bone-wearied and distressed.
Weep! for the dead return not,
And their requiem is said;
Weep! weep! weep on for ever,
For the living, not the dead.

Weep! for the bride just wedded,
Since her cares shall now prevail;

Little joy shall bless her moments;
For her sorrows weep and wail.
For her pains her hours of anguish,
For her happy dreams now o'er;
Blessed are the dead that sleepeth,
Blessed are they evermore.

Weep for your new-born children,
Ere the race of life is run,
Ere their breathings cease for ever,
And life's recompense be won.
Weep for your bright-eyed maidens,
Theirs is a way of gloom;
More happy the departed
That are silent in the tomb.

Weep for yourselves and wail ye,
Let the winds your dirges keep—
Blessed are the dead that sleepeth,
Blessed are the dead that sleep.

Weep! weep! but be undaunted,
Till this struggle shall be o'er;
Blessed are the dead that sleepeth,
Blessed are they evermore.

BE YE MEN?

O! SEVER the chains that enthrall you,
Arise! will ye never be men?
O! burst from the tyrants that gall you,
And strike for your freedom again.
Up! break from the bondage of fashion,
And tear from the shackles of form
That stifle our love's purest passion,
And chills the young heart that is warm.

Away! with the fictions of story,
That say but the noble are great,—

The honor of man is his glory,
And goodness is better than state.
Arouse! from the vain dreams that bind you;
Rise up like the waves of the sea,
Burst forth from the rich ones that grind you;
God made you unfettered and free.

O! say not that money is power,
Or dignity dwells with the vain—
Assert this great truth—'tis your dower—
Man's nobleness lies in his brain.
Arouse! ye oppressed and forsaken,
Arise! at your liberty's call—
The pillars of Pride shall be shaken,
The palace of Vanity fall.

Then sever the chains that enthrall you,
Arouse! will ye never be men?
O! burst from the tyrants that gall you,
And strike for your birthright again.

Be ye men and thus suffer oppression ?
In vain ye each other condole,
In supineness is deepest transgression,
And action's the strength of the soul.

FAREWELL TO THE LAND.

Farewell to the hopes of a land where no longer,
Integrity, Honor, and Justice exist,
Where the will of the weaker must bow to the stronger,
And destruction stands foremost on anarchy's list.

Farewell to the land where no longer elated
By visions of greatness and fame to be won,

The peasant is crushed, trodden-down, and degraded,
Like the beast of the field when his labor is done.

O! what though they tell you 'tis idle to tremble,
That stronger each day grow the bonds of your state;
'Tis little ye know how your leaders dissemble,
And party subserves to the rich and the great.

O! be not deceived by the tale of your glory,
Or destiny, over which Providence rules,
O! be not beguiled by the factionist's story,
Who calls "you the people," but thinks you the fools,

And freemen no longer; though loud every hour,
Ye denounce and decry the foul name of a crown,
O! say is it freedom where riches and power,
And envy and scorn keepeth industry down?

Aye! what though your banner, the emblem of heaven,
Has known no disaster and seen no defeat,
In vain do ye boast of its stars angel-given,
If trampled and soiled at a partisan's feet.

O! woe to the country—no wonder distraction,
Disunion, and discord, disturbeth the state,
Where the balance of Justice is held by a faction,
That ever is swayed by the voice of the great.

Farewell to my country! guard well while you cherish
That banner once waving o'er tyranny's pall,
Lest frenzy and ruin shall laugh while ye perish,
And Honor and Truth shall weep over your fall.

O! SPURN NOT THE POOR.

O! SPURN not the poor though in tatters and rags,
They weeping may stand at your door;
God's stewards are those who have riches and gold,
God's children, the hungered and poor.
Though poverty crushes and famines oppress,
His hand still o'ershadows them all;
And those that despise them he never will bless,
Nor hear though for mercy they call.

Be kind to the wanderer unaided, alone,
He steers through life's tempest and storm,
The piercing wind blows through his thin threadbare clothes,
That scarcely can cover his form.

O! shelter the wanderer—and then when despair
Or misfortune shall blight thy career,
God surely will help thee and give thee his care,
And thou shalt have nothing to fear.

Be gentle, be kind—thou hast riches enough;
Then give of thy bountiful store;
Or if nothing thou hast, but a blessing bestow,
And the beggar will ask for no more.
God bless you—how oft to the poor broken heart,
Has that word given happiness yet;
And God in his bounty, whoever thou art,
That blessing will never forget.

MY FATHERLAND.

My Fatherland! my Fatherland!
To me thy homes are dear;
The little rippling rivulet,
That sparkles bright and clear;
Thine old majestic mountains,
With their bright white caps of snow;
And the ever-running fountains,
Wildly singing as they flow.

My Fatherland! my Fatherland!
Mine own true native clime,
Where fought and died my fathers,
In the mighty olden time;
O! prouder be thy fair homes,
Than Peruvia's sands of gold,
For dying patriots hallowed our's
With blood in days of old.

Though o'er the world's broad surface,
My wandering steps may roam,
My heart shall ne'er forget the spot
I call my native home—
That spot! although it be a dry
And barren spot of earth,
How would I love each mossy crag—
The home that gave me birth!

Columbia! Columbia!
Thy name's enchanted tone,
Is proudly heard in every land
Where liberty is known;
Thy old majestic mountains
With their bright white caps of snow,
And the ever-running fountains,
Wildly singing as they flow.

FAINT NOT.

One evening by the fire,
Sat I in my easy chair,
Filled with aspirations higher
Than the empty hopes of air.

Thoughts of mighty, grand achievements
Swept across my dreaming mind,
How, unchained by earth's bereavements,
We must leave all dross behind.

Long had I toiled—unkindly
Heaven seemed unto my fate,
I had labored ever blindly,
Rising early, resting late.

When I heard a voice behind me,
Saying thus unto my soul,
"Son of man—I must remind thee,
Life is not thine only goal.

"All are travelling—idly straying,
O'er life's wild and varied waste,
Some are working, some are playing,
Some are honored, some disgraced.

"All the self-same mark pursuing—
To the cold and silent grave,
Some for future fame are doing
Actions bold and actions brave.

"All are struggling on for honor,
Though they find it hid in pain,
Some are warring with dishonor,
Some are toiling with the brain.

"All at length shall be rewarded,
For the good or evil done;
Be not faint or broken-hearted,
'Till thy recompense be won.

"Up! up! be onward pressing,
With the powers of thy mind;
There are wrongs that need redressing,
Wrongs of all the human kind.

"Wrongs that cry aloud to heaven,
Wrongs of people and of state,
Wrongs of many famine-riven—
Creatures cheated by the great.

"Up! up! thy soul releasing,
He that wishes to be great
Must be toiling, never ceasing,
Rising early, resting late."

Now thus to kinsmen, neighbors,
I my vision do impart,
But to cheer them in their labors,
But to make them stout of heart;

That while honor fame pursuing,
Every one must learn to wait—
Ever toiling, always doing,
Rising early, resting late.

WORK TO-DAY.[1]

Work to-day and rest to-morrow ;
Now be ready for the strife ;
Give not up to care and sorrow,
But press steadfast on through life.

Though thy mornings dawn in anguish,
And your noondays clouded are,
Let not once your labor languish,
Struggle till the evening star,

Till the star of evening rises,
And the light of day be past ;
Give not up to vain surmises,
Lest to-day should be your last.

Let the right your cause embolden,
Firm and steady be thy tread—
Thou art seeking prospects golden,
God is watching thee o'erhead.

Let each word, each thought, each action,
Be the purest and the best;
Then with true self-satisfaction,
Shall thy parting hour be blessed.

O! Poet that art toiling
In the golden walks of rhyme,
Let not baser passion soiling,
Lure thee to the deeds of time.

Thou art sent upon God's mission,
To prevent the cause of wrong,—
Then let thy high commission
Animate and light thy song.

Fear not—but be onward moving
Steadfast, surely to the end,
Every petty vice reproving,
Every injured one defend.

Not with sword or steel contending,
But with mightier arms of mind,
Let thy labor be unending,—
To all prejudice be blind.

Then, oh! Poet, all thy labors
Will success and fame attend;
Him that benefits his neighbors,
God will prosper in the end.

A WISH.

"Give me but
Something whereunto to bind my heart."

Give me not golden gems from India's shore,
Or diamonds from Golconda's fairy mine;
Give me but something, I forever more
Can love—some gentle ray on me to shine;
Give me but something that can fix my heart,
And tempt it from earth's low and baser things;
Give me some object to adore apart
From those that soil the spirit's angel-wings.

Give me not treasures many long for here,
Of wealth and lands and things that fade away,

But one fond soul to render tear for tear,
That I may love for ever and for aye.
Give me some one to teach my care-worn soul,
What 'tis to live, how better 'tis to die;
Give me some one life's tempest to control,
And like a balm to soothe each broken sigh.

Give me not angels' love to clasp me here—
They are immortal while I change and die—
Give me not spirits from some higher sphere,
To cheer me with the raptured fervor of the eye.
Give me some kind, congenial, loving one,
That I may cast my heart-strings round and hold;
Give me some hand, that when life's labor's done,
May lay my cold form in its brother mould.

Give me not fame, it is an idle breath ;
And what was life when life itself is past ?
What is the present being after death ?
And what the future ? sternest but the last.
What are they all ? what man's eventful life,
But a vain seeking for some dread unknown ?
A vast eternity must close the strife,
And man goes forth unnoticed and alone.

Give me not praise of men for earthly deeds,
I ask not glory, or that bubble fame—
Give me but hope—'tis all my spirit needs,
And honor sinks into an empty name.
Give me some friend—no ! friendship is too cold,
And fades too soon—but give ! ah give me love ;
Some one to love me when my brow grows old,
Some one to guide me to my rest above.

Give me not that which ties my soul to earth
And bids it cherish this poor fading clay ;
Give me not sounds of joyfulness and mirth,
For they have drawn my thoughts too oft away.
Give me but something I can love and bless—
Something to cling to on this dreamy shore ;
Give me some spirit full of gentleness,
And truth, and hope—I ask for nothing more.

Give me but something I can cling to here,
Something whereunto I can bind my heart,
Something to make each blessing doubly dear,
Something to calm each pain or tortured part.
Give me but something like myself—some one,
Whose breast can bear my sorrows as her own ;

Give me some one who, when life's labor done,
Can guide me homeward, wayward wanderer home!

O! DROOP NOT, MY BROTHERS.

O! DROOP not, my brothers! methinks a clear voice
Is cheering us onward—arise! and rejoice,
A sound of sweet music, of melody's strain,
Breaking forth in the evening and morning again.

O! droop not, my brothers! soon night will go down,
And bright morning succeed to its care-bringing frown;

O! droop not, my brothers—march onward with might,
Be steadfast in truth, and be fearless in fight.

For ever! for ever! oh linger not here,
Every hour of life, every moment is dear;
Then arise, oh! my brothers, press onward! press on!
Be ye never dismayed till your laurels are won.

Delude not your mind with desire of gain,
There are objects more mighty and grand to obtain;
Then up! and be doing, each one with his might,
Be steadfast in truth, and be fearless in fight.

Not for gold or for gems, for they clog up
the brain,
They often bring joy but more often bring
pain;
But struggle to aid the grand triumph of
right,
Be steadfast in truth and be fearless in fight.

THE PARTING SPIRIT.

I wish you could have seen the calm, placid look, that rested on her countenance, after having summoned us all around her, she took her last farewell, previous to her departure from this world. "I am going home!" said she; "Then why do you weep? must we not all die?" Some one asked her if she wished to send any parting word to the absent ones—she merely replied: "Tell them I hope to meet them in heaven." I asked her, had she anything to say concerning her funeral—raising her dying eyes to mine, she answered me—"I wish you would place these two words upon my tombstone—Remember me." She asked me to bear you this faded rose, which I have accordingly done. Then folding her hands meekly over her breast, yielded her pure spirit to the God who gave it.—*Manuscript Letter.*

Farewell! sweet friends, farewell! no more
Can sorrow cloud the sunny skies
Of that pure land, where after death
The spirit to its confine hies.

I'm going to my distant home,
The spirit land, where angels go;
O! could my heart find utterance now,
To tell you all the bliss I know.

Methinks that voices, near me now,
Bid my worn soul no more to roam;
There's music in their seraph tongues,
That seems to chant "Come home! come home."

"Come home, worn wanderer; cease to stray;
Come home, for thee a rest is given;
Eternal rest from toil or care,
Enduring rest or bliss in heaven."

Farewell! sweet friends, farewell! but oft
When sunlight fades upon the sea,
Or casts its mellow radiance round
The quiet earth, Remember me.

And should you stand beside my grave,
To wet with tears my memory—
Cast o'er the past, the treasured past,
One thought of love, Remember me.

But place no marble o'er my dust,
No epitaph for men to see;
But two small words as all I ask,
Two simple lines, Remember me.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE MORNING OF HER EXECUTION.

What holy thoughts are resting in thy pure
unsullied breast,
As by thy maiden's trembling hands thy
form for death is dressed?
What noble aspirations, of some high and
better land,
Are casting blessings o'er thee as thou silently
dost stand?

O! say what cares have furrowed such deep
marks in thy brow,
Or who could cast suspicion on one inno-
cent as thou?
Alas! we know that merit calls the curse of
envy down,
And heavy grows the heart of one that wears
the royal crown.

O! could Loch Leven once have known that
pure one within,
She ne'er would have unbarred her gates to
let the spoiler in;
But proudly would each turret to its last thy
cause defend,
And every mute stone from the wall become
a living friend.

What? goest thou thus forth in state, as on
thy bridal day
Thou moved'st round a noble Queen amid
the rich array?
Why should'st thou seek a moment here thy
fleeting life to save?
Thou art stepping into heaven through the
threshold of the grave.

Though friends are weeping by thee, thou
alone art tearless now;
Unruffled is the splendour of thy high and
noble brow—

And a proud majestic grandeur robes thy
pale face with a bloom
That shows how Faith, and Hope, and Love,
survive beyond the tomb.

Is there no tremor thrilling through that
frail and fragile form?
Does it not bend as doth a reed before the
raging storm?
Is there no chill upon the warm, fresh cur-
rent of thy heart?
Do not thy red lips blanch with fear, or pulse
convulsive start?

O! when we saw her on her knees before the
small cross pray,
To God who giveth life to all, and taketh it
away;
How high our hearts beat once to strike for
thee a single blow,
Ere yet thy spirit fled unto the land where
all must go.

And when she turned her gentle eyes and
blessed both friend and foe,
The hard heart wept that years long since
had ceased a tear to know;
And many a bosom heaved and swelled,
oppressed with sorrow sore;
And many a lip was moved in prayer, that
never prayed before.

Full sad and sorry was the sight, a mournful
thing to see—
And God forefend that ne'er again another
such may be;
For manly cheeks turned white with fear
and dread at that dark scene,
When lifeless fell the headless corpse of
Scotland's murdered Queen.

TO ROBERT COCHRAN, ESQ.

As one who, often in the silent night,
Hears some remembered voice around his bed,
And starts! and listens! as his memory flits
In kindly sorrow o'er the buried dead.

As one would hear that well-known voice again,
But ah! it comes not; or in some lone place,
Gazes on pictured forms before him drawn,
And reads a lifetime in each quiet face.

So may'st thou in these fancied flights of mine,
Hear the mute converse of my early years;

And gazing o'er each page may trace th
past,
The bygone past, in all these smiles and
tears.

So may they tell thee all the absent one
Would send to thee—what gladness o'er
him shines—
What sorrows cloud—what mists obscure
the light
Of him who penned these few and fleeting
lines.

CARL P———.

OR TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Do you remember when we strayed?
'Twas many years ago;
Adown Loch Mary's grassy glade,
To watch sweet Eben flow;

And how we culled each wild heath-flower,
That blossomed far below
Old Cara's wild majestic steeps,
Some twenty years ago.

How fresh my memory glideth back,
Methinks I see them still;
The old gray church, the rustic graves,
The school-house on the hill.
The threshold-stone beside the door,
With footsteps worn so low;
Where you and I together sat—
'Twas twenty years ago.

The old oak tree, whose spreading limbs
In sport we used to climb,
Or in whose shade we'd often lie,
In sultry summer time;
And fast asleep we'd sometimes fall,
'Till summoned by the bell,

To wake hand clasped in hand, for then
We loved each other well.

Do you remember too, the well,
The old moss-girded well;
How many tales its moistened sides
Of boyish glee could tell?
When roguish eyes, or laughing lips,
Would plot some wanton sport;
How little dreamt our beating hearts
How soon we would be caught.

Or when on some fair holiday,
In lightsome, gamesome mood,
Our drink was of the crystal spring,
That bubbled in the wood—
Or rambling o'er the mountain sides
With light hearts warm and free,
To chase the trout down through the brook,
Or squirrel up the tree.

Or when your arm, more bold than mine,
Would climb some high ascent,
I'd hear your loud laugh ringing come,
To cheer me as I went.
O! many, many merry days
Have we passed, you well know,
In early boyhood's happiest hours,
Some twenty years ago.

We little thought of toil or pain,
When you and I were boys;
We had so many little cares,
So many little joys;
But we have parted—you and I
Are on the stream of life;
And Cara too, your little friend,
I hear is now your wife.

Do you remember, Carl, how once,
We sauntered down the lane,

That led unto that little spot,
The lone tree on the plain—
The elm-tree, where to meet a friend,
We ran that little race,
And came all breathless at our first
And earliest trysting-place.

Perchance you have forgotten now,
But I can ne'er forget,
I often think of all our sports,
And dream I see them yet;
And sometimes too, I wander there,
And wish that there could flow
Down Eben's stream as happy joys,
As twenty years ago.

Do you remember Kate—the lone
White lily of the plain?
Whose bright blue eyes seemed love's own
light—
We never met again;

And Mary, too! whose smiles once pleased
Our boyish fancies so,
The young rose bud, that bloomed so sweet,
Some twenty years ago.

Ah me! we laid her in the tomb,
'Twas on the first of May;
A fitting time a bud so sweet
Should fade and pass away.
We placed a stone above her head,
Her resting place to show,
And left her lying with the dead,
Some twenty years ago.

And me! you still remember me,
That little romping boy?
With whom you spent so many days,
And found so much of joy.
Ah, yes! I know you'll ne'er forget,
But when I'm dead you'll go
And weep to think upon the past,
And twenty years ago.

THE STRANGER BIRD.

She sat beneath the beechen shade,
Throughout the long, long day,
She warbled forth no cheerful note,
Lone wanderer of the way;

But when the last faint set of sun
Sank fading in the west,
And earth and sky in one grand blush
Proclaimed how they were blest;

She sang a long, deep plaintive song,
So pure, so clear, so sweet,
As if a strain from heaven fell,
All thrilling at my feet.

One fairy note, a note of love,
So blithely, brightly gay,
And died as if her own sweet voice
Had sung her soul away.

And long around that quiet spot,
Beside the purling rills,
Methought that while I wandered there
I heard that birdling still.

Yes! sometimes now in sorrow's hour,
I catch its magic strain;
And startled from my dreary mood,
Grow blithe and gay again.

BOAT SONG.

Cut her loose! let her float!
On the clear silver tide;
Bear a hand! bear a hand!
Let the waves take their bride—
Once more boys! again boys!
She speeds o'er the wave,
As swift as an eagle
Through heaven's concave.

Wear away! wear away!
For yon green circled isle;
How proudly she floats
To that moss-covered pile—
How mildly she kisses
The waves with her prow;
May our lives, graceful barque,
Glide as gaily as thou.

Unfurl our bright banner!
Let it stream on the air,
Like a guardian angel,
To watch o'er us there.
We're afloat—bear away,
Though the night falleth fast,
Be it ever so dark,
'Twill be morning at last.

Pull away at your oars,
Now the glad waters glide,
Brightly glancing—swift dancing—
Along our boat's side.
Now rise on your oars!
Together! away!
Once more boys! again boys!
Away boys! away!

THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

O! SWEET be the glades of the evergreen isle,
Its valleys, its heathers, its mountains of snow—
But sweeter that spot that is hallowed by love,
Where I spent my young days by the gap of Dunloe.

Yes! India may boast of her cinnamon groves,
Her vales where the fairest of flowerets grow;
But never a place was so dear to my heart,
As the home of my birth by the gap of Dunloe.

When I stood on the mount with my dog by
my side,
And saw the fierce torrent pour rapid be-
low,
I ne'er will forget the proud thrill of my
soul,
As I gazed with delight down the gap of
Dunloe.

And oft in the morn when the sun from the
East,
Empurpled the ruins of old Aghadoe ;
I stole from my house on the heather away,
To hear the birds sing by the gap of Dun-
loe.

Above me the rough rocks loomed threaten-
ing and wild ;
The vale of Comme Dhuv darkened far
down below :

Terrific and grand was the scene I beheld,
As in wonder I gazed down the gap of Dunloe.

All nature seemed gathered in grandeur sublime;
Its memories haunt me wherever I go:
Like the magical spell of some mystical dream,
That I had in my youth of the gap of Dunloe.

O! blessed be thy name! though 'tis freedom's no more,
And the strength of the people is fallen and low;
There still are stout arms and brave hearts living yet,
By the steeps of Glena, and the gap of Dunloe.

THY LOVE LIKE A BRIGHT ANGEL.

Thy love like some bright angel has hovered
o'er my way;
It has warmed my soul in sorrow; it has
cheered me in decay.
It has pointed out a haven bright and bliss-
ful as the sky,
Where contentment dwells forever, and
where friendships never die.

Like a beacon light at midnight, on some
rugged, rocky shore,
When tempests howl exulting, and contend-
ing billows roar;
While the sailor gladly hails the lamp, bright-
beaming o'er the strife,
So thy smiles I sought to cheer me in the
stormy sea of life.

And ever fresh as ever, though there's miles
between us now,
Do I think upon the mild air of thy pale and
snowy brow;
On the soft and swimming languor of thine
eye's angelic beam,
As they shone o'er me so blandly in the dawn
of love's young dream.

•

In the dawn of fairest childhood, in the morn
of early youth,
When my bosom knew no passion—only
innocence and truth;
When the pulse, though young and fresh and
warm, was free from guilt or stain,
And the heart light bounded like a steed that
knows no rider's rein.

But I see thee now no more, my love! save
sometimes in my dreams,

Thou comest like a spirit, from the moon's
mild ray it seems;
And I clasp thee to my bosom—as oft I did
before;
But wake, alas! to sleep again and dream my
dreaming o'er.

THE OLD MAN'S TEAR.

I often think of the past, Mary!
The past with its hours fleet,
That have faded away too fast, Mary!
Though sorrow has made them sweet.
Has time, with his gliding pinion,
Changed many a friend that was dear?
I'll share with thy sorrows and griefs, Mary!
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Or has time with a brow of splendor,
Caused love in thy breast to shine;
Or placed in thy bosom so tender
A memory better than mine.
But I have grown sadly and sore, Mary!
My earliest friends are gone—
I see their fond looks no more, Mary!
Nor call them as once mine own.

The grass grows over their graves, Mary!
And I weep at the eventide—
I think of my dream of love, Mary!
And mourn that I had not died.
The early friends of our youth, Mary!
Lie silent, and still, and lone,
And the forms that I valued in truth, Mary!
Are under the cold grey stone.

I often visit their tombs, Mary!
And think of the past and you,
And I weep at the misty twilight,
Till my brow groweth damp with dew.
I weep, for the tears will flow, Mary!
And they trickle swift and fast
Down my cheek that long, long ago, Mary!
Could bear out the stoutest blast.

I think of the village church, Mary!
Where we oft together sung,

Like birds on a Sabbath morning,
When you and I were young.
I often think of your voice, Mary!
Your voice, like an angel's tongue,
And I smile, for my happiest hours
Were with you when we were young.

Now I have grown weary and worn, Mary!
And mine eye is cold and dim,
But still I can feel the tear-drop,
At the sound of the evening hymn.
And now you are chill and cold, Mary!
And the clod lies over your breast,
God bless you in heaven, Mary!
For here had'st thou made me blessed.

O! SAY ARE FLOWERS BLOOMING YET.

O! SAY are flowers blooming yet
By Otontala's stream,
Along whose shores, I'll ne'er forget,
A hundred star-springs beam.
O! say, my Leila, is it so?
Do flowers bloom and breezes blow
Along that fairy shore?

And does the bulbul warble still,
At eve her tuneful note;
On the acacia, by the rill,
Where golden leaflets float.
O! say, my Leila, is it so?
Do birds yet sing, and breezes blow
Along that fairy shore?

And tell me, art thou straying there,
Beneath that purple shade,
Of the red rose or lotus-bud,
And yellow tulip made?
O! say, my Leila, is it so?
Dost thou yet stray where breezes blow,
By Otontala's shore?

THE OLD ELM-TREE.

My boyhood's days are past and gone;
How dear their memories are--
Like some sweet strain of fairy spell,
But brighter, holier far.
My boyhood's home, my boyhood's home!
It almost broke my heart,
To think that I should leave thee thus;
That thou and I must part.
The world was all so cold and drear,
It seemed so harsh to me,
I turned, and shed my parting tear,
Beneath that old elm-tree.

'Twas there I saw my brothers play,
'Twas last upon that spot,
I took the fondest, dearest look,
Of mine own native cot.

'Twas just at morn, the sun was up;
A brighter, lovelier day,
Ne'er dawned upon a lonely heart,
Or cheered a wanderer's way.
I knelt beside that old elm-tree,
I never saw again;
And blessed the home most fervently
That I was leaving then.

But thou hast passed to stranger hands,
Another holds thee now;
My little ivy-covered home,
Beneath the mountain's brow.
The aged tree is still there yet;
The birds are e'en now seen,
To flit among its trembling leaves,
Or on its branches green.
But often now I weep for thee;
O! stranger blame me not,
Since every memory seems to me
Blessed by that sainted spot.

'Twas there that last I saw thy face,
My little sister Nell,
Beside the brook, the purling brook,
That I remember well.
'Twas there I blessed thee, ere I took
My long and thorny way;
Nor thought ere I came back to thee,
That thou couldst pass away;
O! then I wished by cares oppressed—
But, ah! it may not be—
That when I died they'd let me rest
Beneath that old elm-tree.

TO L——.

One moment of bliss, ere our footsteps are parted
For ever to roam o'er life's troublesome sea,
One moment of love ere alone, weary-hearted
I seek like a form in a vision for thee.

Then blame me not yet, though I cull the few roses
That pleasure alluring has cast in my way;
Though I seek the fair bower where young love reposes,
And but for a moment would laugh and be gay.

O! long, too, and sadly has anguish and sorrow
Loomed over my pathway, and moistened my eye;
I have learned that to-day I must smile, lest to-morrow
I wake from my dream but to sicken and sigh.

Yes! often when others are smiling around me,
And gladness and mirth has beamed over the throng,
Have I stole forth in grief from the spell that has bound me,
And vented my feelings of sadness in song.

And now I would smile with the rest, for a minute

Of friendship like this may soon pass and
be o'er;
While I think that life's sweets are so blended
within it,
If it were but a dream, I would ask for
no more.

A LEGEND OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN.

A BOY stood on high Yuzas' tower,
That looked along the sea;
And by his side an old grey man
Leaned dark and moodily.

The sea-gull's screams are heard below;
And with the surges roar,

Make mournful music as they roll,
Upon the rocky shore.

"Cling not to me, my gentle child,
There is no danger here;"
"But, Father, 'tis a wondrous height,
Yet do I nothing fear."

"Look forth, my boy! what dost thou see
O'er the blue waves afar,
Down where that long dim line appears,
Beneath yon twinkling star?"

"Where? father, where? methinks I see
A line across the main,
That rises from the waters wide;
That, father, that is Spain."

"Reach forth thy hand and bless it, child,
'Twas there that thou wast born;

'Twas there the sun shone clear and bright
Upon thy natal morn."

The boy reached forth his hand to bless;
He reached them from the wall;
Methought I heard a crushing sound,
Like as a heavy fall.

Down came Alahor, down the stair,
But nought a word spake he;
The Emir cried, "Is the boy safe?"
He answered, "come and see."

The Emir looked down from the tower,
The young child's fate to know,
And saw the form lie on the rocks,
A shapeless mass below.

So perished all Count Julian's race;
Alas! that it should be.

"Take up the bones," the Emir cried,
"And cast them in the sea."

At length the Emir died; they say
A voice cried mournfully,
"Take up the bones! take up the bones,
And cast them in the sea."

And on his chamber's walls, 'tis said,
How strange that it should be—
Was writ in blood "Take up the bones
And cast them in the sea."

They laid the Moslem in the tomb,
But not a rest had he;
A horrid form took up his bones,
And cast them in the sea.

THE GRAVE BY THE SEA-SHORE.

[An Irish peasant loses his young and beautiful wife at sea, being near one of that sunny cluster of islands in the Australian group, buries her there, and is represented as pouring forth his grief in the following lament over his lost Kathleen.]

The night winds that steal
O'er the wide rolling wave,
Shall fan the young flowers
That bloom on thy grave;
And memory shall kindle
By reverie blessed,
And hallow the spot
Where we laid thee to rest.

O! sad was my heart,
When we left thee alone;

No being around thee,
  No sound but the moan
Of the bird flying by,
  Or the deep muffled roar
Of the waves, as they broke
  On the desolate shore.

O! the sand that we placed
  On thy beautiful breast,
Can never disturb thee,
  Or trouble thy rest;
While the wild desert flowers
  That wave o'er thy head,
Are watchers, lone watchers,
  Of the loveliest dead.

O! Kathleen, I wonder,
  If watching me still,
Thy spirit is o'er me,
  Heart-broken and chill;

Or if though in heaven,
Thou too can'st forget,
Or with eye ever-beaming,
Art guarding me yet.

O! why did'st thou leave me,
To die here alone,
Unaided by kinsman,
Unfriended, alone?
O! why didst thou leave me?
O! answer me! say!
For thy smiles were the last
That have brightened my way.

O! why didst thou leave me?
To anguish and fears;
I have seen little gladness,
All sorrow and tears;
Not a hand will protect me,
Wherever I roam,

Or give to the heart-broken
Stranger a home.

But why should I mourn?
Thou art happiest now;
A wreath is encircling
Thy beautiful brow,
Of flowers, bright flowers,
That never will fade,
Though the body is mouldered,
The flesh is decayed.

I know thou art happy,
Yet weep at thy fall—
Than father, than mother,
Thou wast dearer than all.
O! my heart-strings are breaking,
And soon I will be,
My Kathleen, my darling,
Sweet-resting with thee.

Though a poor wretched stranger,
  Exposed to the blast,
I released from my cares,
  Will be happy at last.
Then resting from toil, love!
  I trust I may be,
My Kathleen, in heaven—
  For ever with thee.

"GERTRUDE'S LAMENT FOR OPHELIA."

Hamlet, Act v. Scene 1.

O! THAT thou should'st have died! that thou
  Had'st lonely left us here;
Methought thy bridebed to have decked,
  And not have dressed thy bier.

Sweets to the sweet—Fair maid, adieu!
  We would not call thee back,
Thou little know'st the thorns and cares,
  That strew life's sorrowing track.

We would not call thee back, sweet love!
  To these terrestrial things,
Since now we hope thou'rt borne from us,
  Away on angels' wings.

Oh! little dreamt I that so soon
Would break thy thread of life;
I hoped Ophelia to have called
My child! my Hamlet's wife.

But here in life, we little know
What fortune may be ours;
We grow like violets by the stream,
We perish like the flowers.

Farewell, Ophelia! here on earth,
To thee her gems are given;
We strew thy grave, but pray that thou
Art watching us in heaven.

Rest, maiden! Rest! in thy deep sleep,
Untroubled may it be;
I may return to thee, but thou
Canst ne'er come back to me.

THE FADED ROSE.

Why do I love this faded rose,
So colorless and sad,
As if it were some golden gem,
Or life and beauty had?
Why do I fondly to it cling,
Now its bright hues are gone?
Because in its poor heart I see
An emblem of my own.

O! yes, I love this faded rose,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
Than all the many tinted flowers
That bloom beyond the sea.
And fondly to it do I cling,
As to some magic spell,
Because when blooming fair and bright,
'Twas hers who loved me well.

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